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TEARS AND CONSOLATIONS:

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OR, A

SIMPLE RECITAL OF THE LIFE AND DEATH

OF

LITTLE JENNY.

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By DR. MALAN, OF GENEVA.

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*Translated for the Massachusetts Sabbath School Society, and  
approved by the Committee of Publication.*

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BOSTON:

MASSACHUSETTS SABBATH SCHOOL SOCIETY,  
Depository, No. 13 Cornhill.

1849.









FRONTISPIECE.

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*César*  
~~C. H. A.~~ ———

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L I F E   A N D   D E A T H

O F

L I T T L E   J E N N Y .

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“ God is faithful—He will with the trial, also make a way to escape, that ye may be able to bear it.” 1 Cor. 10 : 13.

“ He will gather the lambs with his arm and carry them in his bosom. Such is the gentle and compassionate character of the good Shepherd ; of that benevolent Saviour, who placed his hands on little children and blessed them.

Children ! come and see these words fulfilled, in the pious and short life of little Jenny. And you, Christian parents, learn how precious in the sight of the Lord, is the soul of a little child, and with how many graces the Holy Spirit may endow it, if it has indeed been consecrated to Jesus.

It was on the 16th of February, 1840, that little Jenny was born, and on the 13th of January, 1844, that her spirit left this world. She had therefore but a few days, scarcely four years, to wait on earth, before commencing a happy eternity in heaven.

What a privilege did her good Creator bestow upon her ! Launched upon the vast ocean, this frail bark at-

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tained the port, after having scarcely struggled with a few waves.

Here, and first, I ought perhaps to picture this lamb of the Saviour, as it were to your bodily eyes ; and I know they would have been charmed, since God had adorned her with all natural gifts, uniting the attractions of beauty of features, elegance of form, intelligence of look, and a harmonious, and touching voice.

But what avails it to speak of the amiable and accomplished exterior of this child, which excited admiration and drew from every mouth the exclamations, as it were, involuntarily ; “ What a child ! what an expression ! what peace ! what a celestial look and smile ! ”

Alas, in doing this, I should interest you in what concerns this world ; and it is to what appertains to heaven, that I would invite your attention.

I leave, then, that which “ was dust and which will return to dust,” and once more say to you, “ Come, and see all the Lord did for the soul of a child, and all he has also done in the hearts of those who received her from him, for a short time, and have restored her to him forever.”

It is the mother of this blessed child, who relates to you her simple and touching history. Listen, then, and with her, if you love God, give the glory to Jesus ; then say and repeat, “ Oh ! how happy is the child



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who knows the Saviour ! Oh ! how blessed is the mother who has taught her child to love Him ! ”

LETTER FROM JENNY'S MOTHER.

MY BELOVED FATHER :

I send you at last, some details respecting the short life of our blessed child. You will find them desultory and very imperfect ; but you will excuse all this, you, my father, who can so well understand my grief.

Our beloved Jenny was blest of God, from her very entrance upon life, and early displayed that gentleness which was to become the prevailing trait in her character and habits.

In her cradle, she never became impatient, rarely cried, and quickly learned the meaning of the word, “Wait !”

As soon as she could speak, her father and myself sought to turn her heart towards the Saviour, and his glorious name soon became familiar to her. I think she was not yet eighteen months old, when being one day in her father’s room, she asked him, of her own accord, to pray to God.

“Father,” said she, with earnestness, “prayer. Mother,” repeated she, “prayer ;” and as soon as we were on our knees she knelt beside her father ; remaining silent and prostrate while he prayed ; and afterwards

when we rose, appeared satisfied, and as if she had really understood and felt all the happiness which the child of God finds in approaching his Father.

Thus she continued till the age of two years; less forward, it is true, in many respects than other children of the same age, but already remarkable for the habitual confidence which she manifested in God, and in his powerful goodness.

Was she indisposed? It was from God that she sought healing; believing and saying, as a thing very simple and which could not be otherwise, that the good God who saw her, would certainly cure her soon, if he

thought best ; then waiting with docility, and without complaint, till her illness should be removed.

How often did the entire confidence ; the simple and unreserved faith of this little child teach my own heart, and make me comprehend what it is to believe God's word ; to rest upon his promise ! No doubt, no uncertainty, no distrust, presented itself to her mind ; what God had promised she was sure he would perform : so that when one day, about the time one of my sisters was in affliction at the receipt of some sad news, and was weeping, Jenny approached her, and said, caressing her, “ Good aunt, listen ; I will comfort

you ;—God says Blessed are they that mourn, for they shall be comforted. So do not weep any more !”

See how the spirit of God manifested itself in her.—“ The wind bloweth where it listeth and thou hearest the sound thereof, but canst not tell whence it cometh nor whither it goeth.”

It was about the time that Jenny’s brother was born. This birth was a great joy for her ; she lavished on the new-born infant, from the very first, the most tender affection, and her heart seemed to enlarge and become still more loving.

Every thing was for “ this good little brother.” She wished to give

him all she had, and to share every pleasure with him. No jealousy, no selfishness were displayed in her ; to forget self entirely and be occupied only with “ dear little Cesar,” was her constant interest and pleasure ; so the sudden illness and unexpected death of this lamb of the Saviour were Jenny’s first sorrows. She was astonished ; she could not at first believe it ; it seemed to her that she must awaken the “ dear little one ” from his long sleep ; and when she comprehended the reality, she sighed as she said that God had taken him to himself.

“ My little brother,” she would say, “ is in heaven, and will not play

with me any more !” Then she would sigh sadly, looking upwards ; but always with adoration.

The death of her brother had a great influence upon her ; a rapid and almost spontaneous development took place in her character, already so gentle and so affectionate. She appeared immediately to sympathize with her father and myself ; loaded us with caresses, and little attentions, and sought to console us by kind words.

“ My God !” said she, one day, as she was busy in my room, “ do not take me yet, as thou did’st take little Cesar ; mother would be so sad !”

She never forgot this brother ; she

talked of him incessantly, and took pleasure in repeating, in her gentle voice, and with calmness, “ My little brother is in heaven ; my little brother is happy ; he is singing hymns.”

You see, my father, that tenderness was the predominant characteristic in this dear child, which manifested itself freely on every occasion. She was extremely benevolent towards every one, and her compassion for the poor required action. She must speak to them, console them, and succor them.

Some little beggars were accustomed to come every evening, to our door, at dinner-time. So Jenny would take her bread, asking permission to



carry it to them. And if we sometimes thought it expedient to send them away without giving them any thing, Jenny would suffer severely, and we were obliged to explain to her that it was for the good of the children that we did thus.

The same thing took place in our walks. If I refused alms to a child, Jenny would say nothing, but would become sad, and turn several times towards the child, looking upon it with regret; and as soon as we met an unfortunate old man, would say beseechingly, “now give, mother, for he is very old.”

Yes, she always showed herself generous. The charity which cometh

from God, was in her heart, and the disposition of the child Jesus appeared then in this soul blessed of Him, and made her desire to give, not of her superfluity, or of what she valued least, but on the contrary of what she liked best.

One day when I was preparing a box for some missionary families, it occurred to me to send some little things to the children, and I spoke of it to her father in Jenny's presence. She immediately ran to the closet where her playthings were, collected them, and throwing them all down at my feet, said to me earnestly, "Mother, there they are all, all for them ! You know, mother, that

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there are no shops where their mothers could buy them any ;” and she was delighted at being allowed to send them her prettiest dolls, her book of engravings, her crayons, and some other articles.

How often also, at table, when she had something on her plate which she loved, she would present it to her father, or to me, saying, “ Take this, it is so good.” And if we replied, “ I have some already, dear child,” she would persist, saying, “ Yes, but not enough ; for it is so good !”

But what shall I say of her delight while learning to read, and that, she would say, “ In order to read the holy Word of God.” She would pre

sent herself for a reading-lesson, several times a day, and request me to prolong it. And what happiness was it for her, when she could read fluently enough to comprehend something of the Bible !

Every day, also, before she had learned to read, her father or myself would teach her, or repeat to her some verses, from the Book of God ; and every morning, after family worship, she would recite those she knew.

She had already learned more than fifty. But there were some which she would repeat with heart-felt pleasure. For example these : “ Suffer little children to come unto me and forbid them not.” “ The foxes have holes,

and the birds of the air have nests, but the Son of Man hath not where to lay his head ;” and she would immediately add to the latter, “ You know the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, who being rich, for our sakes became poor, that we, through his poverty might be rich.”

It was of her own accord that she had understood and connected these and many others. Thus, if she was reciting the passage, “ Come, ye children, hearken unto me, and I will teach you the fear of the Lord ;” she would immediately add ; “ The fear of the Lord is to hate evil and is the beginning of wisdom.”

What pleasure also, did this dear

child take in the stories of the Bible, with some of which she was already familiar. The entrance of our Saviour into Jerusalem, was one of her favorites ; she would relate it often, with a kind of transport, and her eyes would sparkle with happiness, when she repeated, “ Hosanna to the son of David !” “ Mother,” she would then say, “ I also say it to Him, and he also hears me !”

Nevertheless Jenny was like every other child of man ; she had her defects, and often fell into sin. But God showed himself compassionate towards her, and the Holy Spirit rebuked and humbled her.

One day she grew angry with her

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nurse, and even attempted to strike her. But suddenly chiding herself, she became sad, and throwing herself into my arms, said to me, “ Good mother, pray the good God for me, that he will make me better.”

Another time I was obliged to punish her for a willful fault. She did not grow angry, or cry ; but on the contrary, humbling herself before her nurse, said to her ; “ My nurse ! mother has punished me ; but it is because she loves me. If she did not love me she would not punish me.”

Alas ! it is she who now teaches me this lesson ! She has left me ; God has taken her away and I bitterly deplore her loss ; but I hear her sweet

voice saying ; “ If mother did not love me, she would not punish me,” and I say it to God ; and I believe it also. It is because he loves us that he afflicts us. If our Father loved us not, we should not be chastised.

Jenny also knew, my dear father, some of the pious songs you composed for children. The story of Colinette especially interested her ; she often sang it, and like her, Jenny earnestly desired to do something for missions.

You should have seen, dear father, how ingeniously she worked with her little fingers. Alas, I cannot restrain my tears, as I think what they are now. But God, yes my father, God



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giveth us the victory, even over death.

Jenny wished to make something with her own hands for the “Missions to the poor heathen,” she would say, “who do not know our good Saviour;” and it was with all her heart, and with a perseverance which nothing could diminish, that she embroidered a pretty little napkin, which was to be sold at the end of the year, at the bazaar opened for missions.

At last the napkin was finished, I sent it to the sale, and cannot describe the joy of this dear and charitable child, when I told her that a lady had selected it, and that with the two francs she had given for it, two

New Testaments might be bought, and sent to the poor heathen.

I have already related what pleasure she took in her reading-lessons, and how impatient she was to read the Holy Book. This book had more attractions for her than any of her playthings, which she would immediately leave, as soon as I took the New Testament to hear her spell some words from it.

“When I know how to read,” she would often say, “I shall have a New Testament ; and when I am five years old, mother will give me a Bible. What a pleasure that will be !”

She did not live five years on the

earth ; but what a gift the Lord himself has bestowed upon her, and with what ineffable pleasure is her soul now satisfied !

Benevolence, generosity, the happiness of those she loved, were her true pleasures ; and here is an affecting proof.

Her father had told her, in the month of October last, that he would take her to the fair, and that she should choose in the beautiful shops, whatever pleased her.

Jenny jumped for joy when it was time to set out, but it was while repeating, “ I am going with father ! father will take me with him ! Oh ! how glad I am ! ” for the pleasure of

being with her father occupied her heart more than the thought of the fair, and what she should bring from it.

They were soon at the shops, full of a thousand attractive things ; and her father said to Jenny, “ Choose, Mimi ; for I wish to give you something.”

“ Father,” replied the child, “ my friends L. have no work-box, like this pretty one. If you will buy it for them, it will give me much pleasure.”

The box is bought ; they pass another shop, and the father again says to his daughter, “ Now, dear child, choose something for yourself. Let us see ! What do you wish for ? Tell me.”

“O father!” replies Jenny, “my cousin has not a darling little doll in a cradle, like that. Buy it for her, father, she will be so pleased.”

The doll is then bought and the beloved little one tenderly thanks her father, and with much more joy than if the doll had been for herself.

“But, my child,” says the father, “I wish to give you something that will please me. Choose then, what you would like.”

“Father,” says Jenny again, “mother has no ring to keep her keys on. She needs a little one and a large one, will you buy them for her?”

The rings were soon in the bag of the happy child, who jumped with joy

at the thought of carrying them to her mother.

At last, they arrived before a shop of articles wrought of the cocoa-nut, and the father again urged his daughter to choose something for herself; and among all the pretty things displayed before her, she requested a modest egg-cup, simple in its form, but which she carefully examined, choosing that of the best workmanship.

They then returned to the house, and Jenny came immediately to relate to me joyfully, all the pleasure she had just experienced.

“Mother! see what father has given me. This is for my friends L.

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This is for my cousin ; I should like to carry it to her now. And this is for you, dear mother ! And for me also, look. This is for me to use, at breakfast.”

I will mention another instance of the same kind, which will show still more plainly, how entirely God had detached the heart of Jenny from the things which might have pleased her.

On the occasion of the baptism of Clement, she received as a present, from the hand of her godfather, a very pretty box of sweet-meats. As soon as she had it, her first thought was to distribute them around, and to offer some of them with eagerness to every one in the house, reserving very few for her-

self, so that the box, though placed entirely at her disposal, remained several days, without being exhausted, and was so at last, only because Jenny entreated some visitors to take all these “good sweet-meats.”

But, my good father, it is especially of Jenny’s respect for sacred things that I ought to speak ; for it was this principally which showed the work which the Lord had already done in her soul.

Her father had taught her the third commandment ; “ *Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain,*” and she received it and obeyed it with so much sincerity and simplicity, that she would never allow any one in her



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presence to take the name of God in vain.

Her nurse had this sad habit of using the name of God in a trifling manner ; but Jenny always reproved her, with as much sweetness as gravity, and the nurse succeeded in breaking herself of it.

“ Nurse,” Jenny would say, when she had spoken in this way, “ father has taught me a verse which says, *Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain ;*” and while quoting this passage, she would emphasize the word *name*, to make her feel that it was wrong to speak it lightly.

So well did she comprehend the

sense and the spirit of this commandment, that one day when she was singing the little hymn :—

“ My God ! My Father ! ” &c.,

she said to me ; “ Mother, it is not in vain that I say *my God* ! ”

And at another time as Clement was very sick, appearing dangerously so, and I was weeping over his cradle, Mimi, who was by my side, looked at her brother, and said with the most tender accent, “ O my God ! I do not say it in vain ! heal Clement ! ”

The next day, as the little one was still very ill, and I was even more afflicted ; Jenny came to me, and wiping away my tears with her little

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fingers, said to me, “Mother, do not weep. Adore God!”

How many times have I not heard her singing on awaking, “My God, my Saviour whom I love, heal Clement; heal my brother!”

“Mother,” said she to me, another day, “the good God is keeping my brother Cesar in heaven. Oh! how I hope he will keep my dear little Clement on earth!”

This lamb of Jesus never took her repast, even if she was alone, without having prayed God to bless it. Only two days before her death, when a little sweetened water was brought her, she clasped her hands and said, “My God, I thank thee for this

sweetened water !” And that was so natural to her, and so sacred, that on a journey, when she was with me, at the table of an inn, she would look at the guests, to see who would ask a blessing ; and when no one did so, would pray solemnly for herself ; but with no gesture which could indicate any thing but her simplicity and her adoration before God.

It was during this journey, (alas ! my dear father, when I was on the way to visit my friends for the last time *with her*,) that Jenny often showed me how serious were her thoughts, when the Word of God was quoted. One circumstance among others, struck me, and it was this.

On our arrival at Cette, we went, Jenny, her nurse and myself, to the sea-shore. Jenny was at once affected by the sight of this vast field of water, and while admiring it, I read to her from the Bible, and repeated several times, this passage : “ This great and wide sea, wherein are things creeping and innumerable, both small and great beasts. There go the ships.” She readily remembered this verse, and when we returned to our lodgings, turned towards the sea, repeating with solemnity, “ This great and wide sea !” and added with the same seriousness, “ It is the good God who has made it !”

I saw that she was penetrated with

the greatness of the work of God ; and I discovered the same sentiment in her, when having led her, at Geneva, upon the shore of the lake, she said to me, with solemnity : “ Mother, this is like Cette. Do you see this great and wide sea which the good God has made ? ”

It was then, also, (you will remember it, my good father,) that this dear child gave us so many proofs of her profound respect for the Word of God, as also of her sincerity of her self-forgetfulness and tender kindness towards others. I will recall three of these circumstances which affected me singularly.

A lady, one of our friends, called

upon us ; and allowing herself to express a sentiment of admiration for the beauty and grace of Jenny, suddenly cried as she saw her : “ Oh, the adorable child ! ”

Jenny, who was seated near me, immediately rose, and with caressing sweetness, said to this lady : “ O, dear lady, do not say so ! God only is adorable.”

The lady was struck with this tender reproach, and said to me in a low voice, “ What a lesson ! No, I will never forget it.”

And it was thus that God perfected his praise from the feeble mouth of a little child.

Another day, Jenny was present at

a moment when her aunt, my youngest sister, had just manifested pride, and some resistance to an order of Mother's. Jenny immediately became very sad, and taking the hand of my sister, said to her with cordiality : “ Good aunt ! do you not know that God has said, Children, obey your parents ? ” Then this dear little one came towards me, who had been a witness of my sister's fault, and drawing me apart, said, “ Come good mother, come and pray for my poor aunt ; for she must be very unhappy.”

She was one day in the garden with her uncle, my youngest brother, and the latter, whether playfully or intentionally, struck Jenny's right eye.



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The pain of this blow was apparently very severe, for Jenny uttered a loud cry which brought me to her assistance.

“What is the matter?” inquired I; and at the sight of Jenny’s inflamed and swollen eye, I turned towards my brother to censure him severely. But the dear child overcoming her grief, advanced towards her uncle who was weeping, and said, “Uncle, do not cry, I beg. It is nothing, really nothing!” Then, turning towards me, she said, “Good mother, do not scold my uncle; for you see how sorry he is.”

It was also at Geneva, dear father, and when I was in the garden with my

good mother and Jenny, that having remarked that the latter seemed to be talking to herself as she was walking along, I asked her what she was saying.

“ I am speaking to the good God,” replied she.

“ And what are you saying, my child ? ”

“ I am saying that I also will go to my brother Cesar ; but not till after the new year.”

These words, my dear father, made me tremble in spite of myself. I nevertheless said to myself that it was but a transient idea of the child, and I tried not to think of it. But, alas ! when the event fulfilled her words, I under-

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stood from whence this warning came, and why my soul had been thus pierced by it.

For at last, Jenny, our amiable and precious child, must leave us. The Lord, who had lent her to us, was about to demand her, and but a short time after you had taken her in your arms and blessed her in the name of the Lord.

Yes, Jenny must leave this world, to enter an abode where her soul could love and adore God without alloy.

She had been ill several days, but not alarmingly so. The new year came, and as usual, many presents were bestowed upon Jenny, by us and other members of the family.

This dear child was there before us,

in her little bed, not desiring to leave it, still less to be dressed ; she who was so lovely, and who had been the joy and soul of us all, the sun of our little domestic festivals.

We held our morning family worship by her bedside. When it was finished, she gave a Bible to her nurse, saying, with a joyful expression, “ My nurse, read it. It is because you have been good to me, that I give it to you.”

Then we brought her our little presents, but she paid no attention to them, and seized only yours, my dear father, the New Testament, in large print, which you sent her.

She took it ; immediately opened it, and cried out in a transport of joy,

“ Father, here is the name of Jesus ! Here is also the word God ; Oh, how good my grandfather at Geneva is ! I will read it. Let me see ! ” and looking over it herself, she stopped at the 11th chapter of St. Luke, which she began to read, as far as these words of the Lord’s prayer, *Thy kingdom come !* Then she fell back, (for she was very feeble,) saying : “ It is very beautiful, mother ! Oh, how I love this Testament ! Please to leave it here, on my bed.”

In the afternoon, she desired to rise and sit in my lap. Some friends visited us, and each brought a present for Jenny. She received them all with much gratitude ; but said to me the next day : “ Oh, my good mother !

I love the New Testament better than all my other presents. My playthings will be spoiled and broken ; and my sweet-meats will be eaten, and I shall no longer have them ; but the New Testament is the way to heaven.”

Meanwhile this dear child recovered her strength and appetite ; she could even descend into the garden, and we thought, with gratitude, that the Lord had healed her.

But the ways of God are not as our ways, and He who does all things in his great wisdom and infinite love, had ordained that Jenny, who belonged to him, and not to us, should pass from this world to her Saviour.

Her illness returned ; it rapidly increased, and pain seized the whole

body of our weak little lamb, who, always calm and submissive, seemed to suffer with resignation under the hand of God ; of God, my dear father, who, I am assured, softened the sufferings of this humble child, and gave her a serenity, and sometimes a gayety which charmed us, encouraged us for a moment, but could not dissipate the fatal apprehension which filled ; alas, which overwhelmed our hearts.

“ Come,” said my dear Alphonso to me one Saturday morning, “ and let us ask God to perfect in us this sacrifice.” And the good God whose tender mercies are over all his works, enabled us to offer to him, unreservedly all that was most precious to us here below.

Henceforth the strength which God alone can give, sustained our hearts, and we could contemplate the increasing progress of the disease, and the rapid decline of the life of our precious child. Yes, my father, the Lord, the Eternal himself, displayed his faithfulness towards us, during those long hours of inexpressible anguish, and led us gently down into the gloomy valley of tears, where he deigned to be with us still.

The good Shepherd then took care of his feeble lamb. As he had prepared her for heaven, he caused her also to enter there without agony and without a struggle.

“Mother, I am sick,” said she to me, about three o’clock.



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“ My child, in the fold of the Saviour you will no longer be sick. It is a great fold where one is always in health.”

“ Mother, are there many doors to this fold ? ”

“ No, my child, there is but one, which is our good Saviour.”

“ And there are sheep and lambs there, is it not so ? The lambs are the children, and the sheep are the fathers and mothers. Mother, when one is in that fold, one will not come out again ? ”

“ No, never.”

“ Is Cesar there in that fold ? ”

“ Yes, my dear child.”

“ And will Henrietta, and Valentine, and Clement come there also ? ”

She was silent ; she was overcome, and a burning thirst consumed her. I thought then of the words of the Lord upon the cross, “ I thirst,” and I earnestly prayed him to calm that of Jenny. I was heard, for the thirst diminished, and soon after ceased.

But her illness did not diminish, and this lamb was as it were overcome by it, yet she never ceased, and always with the same sweetness, to interest herself in those about her.

“ Clement is crying ! ” said she to me. “ Poor little one, he is sick. Go, mother, go to him ! ”

In the evening she asked her father to tell her a story ; and it was only religious stories that she ever listened to, or requested. Her father repeated

that of Colinette, and when he had finished, she said, "Father, you have forgotten one word." "Which one, dear child?" "Thy love in her heart," replied she. Then she asked again for the story of the little boy of five years, who had also a New Testament. Then she added, "My dear grandfather at Geneva, how good he was to give me this New Testament, I must thank him."

She was fast approaching the period of her decease, her strength diminished, her eyes became dull, and her voice grew feeble. Then her father placing his hands on that head recently so beautiful and so active, blessed her in the name of the Eternal, and having embraced her once more, said to her,

“Go, my daughter, go to our good Saviour, and bless him with all the happiness thou hast given us !”

As for me, I approached her, fixing my eyes again on hers, which were already veiled, and as I said to her, “My darling, my beloved one !” she said, with vivacity, “Call me not thy darling, thy beloved one ! I have no longer a name.”

She apparently wished to say that she had a new name, and not those of earth !

A few moments afterwards she fell asleep, clasping her little hands, raising her eyes to heaven, and calling, “mother, mother !”

Then by degrees, and without the slightest struggle, her respiration grew

fainter, and terminated by a gentle sigh. Now, my beloved father, bow with us before the Lord, and ask him that we may always be able to say, without hesitation, “It is the Lord! He gave! He has taken away! Blessed be His holy name!”

“Yes, my father, blessed be His name, and may his Spirit, the Comforter, come to strengthen our hearts, and to point them, each day, each hour to Him whom Jenny loved to call her good Shepherd, her good Saviour, and of whom also, she would say, with so much earnestness, “His name shall be called Emanuel, which is, God with us.”

May He then be with us, and in us. He who is the resurrection and the

life, and who has filled with joy and felicity that soul which he has gathered into his bosom, yes, which he has introduced into the assembly of the just made perfect.”

The little body of Jenny has been deposited, by her father's own hands, by the side of that of her “dear little Cesar.” The same stone covers these two deposits, so precious, alas ! so quickly recalled. May my soul, O God, be submissive ! Yes, my father, may my mouth bless Him, may I shed my tears in His bosom, and may I ever adore Him !

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THE END.~~~~~  
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# QUESTION BOOKS, &c.,

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